Prin. Faith, tell me now in earneſt, how came *Falſtaffes* Sword ſo hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and ſaid he would ſweare truth out of *England*, but he would make you beleeve it was done in ſight, and perſwaded us to doe the like.

Car. Yea, and to tickle our noſes with ſpeare-graſſe, to make them bleede, and then to beſlubber our garments with it, and ſweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this ſeven yeares before, I bluſh to heare his monſtrous devices.

Prin. O villaine, thou ſtoleſt a cup of Sacke eighteene yeares ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever ſince thou haſt bluſht extempore, thou hadſt fire and ſword on thy ſide, and yet thou ranſt away: what inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

Bar. My Lord, doe you ſee theſe meteors? doe you behold theſe exhalations?

Poin. I doe.

Bar. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot Livers, and cold purſes.

Bar. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken,

Enter Falſtaffe.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter. Heere comes leane *Iacke*, here comes bare-bones. How now ſweete creature of Bombaſt, how long is't agoe, *Iacke*, ſince thou ſaweſt thine owne Knee?

Falſ. My owne Knee? when I was about thy yeeres (*Hall*) I was not an Eagles tallon in the waſte: I could have crept into any Aldermans thumbe-ring: a plague of ſighing and griefe, it blowes a man up like a bladder. Ther's villanous news abroad, here was Sir *Iohn Braby* from your father: you muſt goe to the Court in the morning. The ſame mad fellow of the *North Percy*; and he of *Wales*, that gave *Amamon* the Baſtinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and ſwore the divell his true liegeman upon the Croſſe of a Welſh-hook; what a plague call you him?

Poy. O *Glendower!*

Fal. *Owen Gleudower*, the ſame, and his ſonne in law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the ſprightly *Scot* of *Scottes*, *Dowglas*, that runs a horſebacke up a hill perpendicular.

Prin. He that rides at high ſpeede, and with a piſtoll killes a Sparrow flying:

Falſ.